

The Tragedie of Hamlet

So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

Hora. So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vppon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we shall find him most conuenient.

Exeunt.

Florisb. Enter *Claudius*, King of Denmarke, *Gertrude* the Queene,
Counsaile: as *Polonius*, and his Sonne *Laertes*,
Hamlet, *Cum Alijs.*

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with diridge in marriage,
In equall scale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaile along (for all our thanks)
Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbrasse*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be disioynt, and out of frame
Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faild to pestur vs with message

Importing

Prince of Denmarke.

Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortinbrasse*
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppress
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect, and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To busines with the King, more then the scope
Of these delated articles allowe:

Farwell, and let your hast commend your dutie.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we shoue our dutie.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.

And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?

You told vs of some sute, what ist *Laertes*?

You cannot speake of reason to the Dane

And lose your voyce; what wold'st thou begge *Laertes*?

That shall not be my offer, nor thy asking,

The head is not more natue to the hart

The hand more instrumentall to the mouth

Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,

What wold'st thou haue *Laertes*?

Laer. My dread Lord,

Your leaue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,

From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,

To shoue my dutie in your Coronation;

Yet now I must confesse, that duty done

My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward Fraunce

And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius*?

Pol. Hath my Lord wrong from me my slowe leaue

By labour some petition, and at last

Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,